

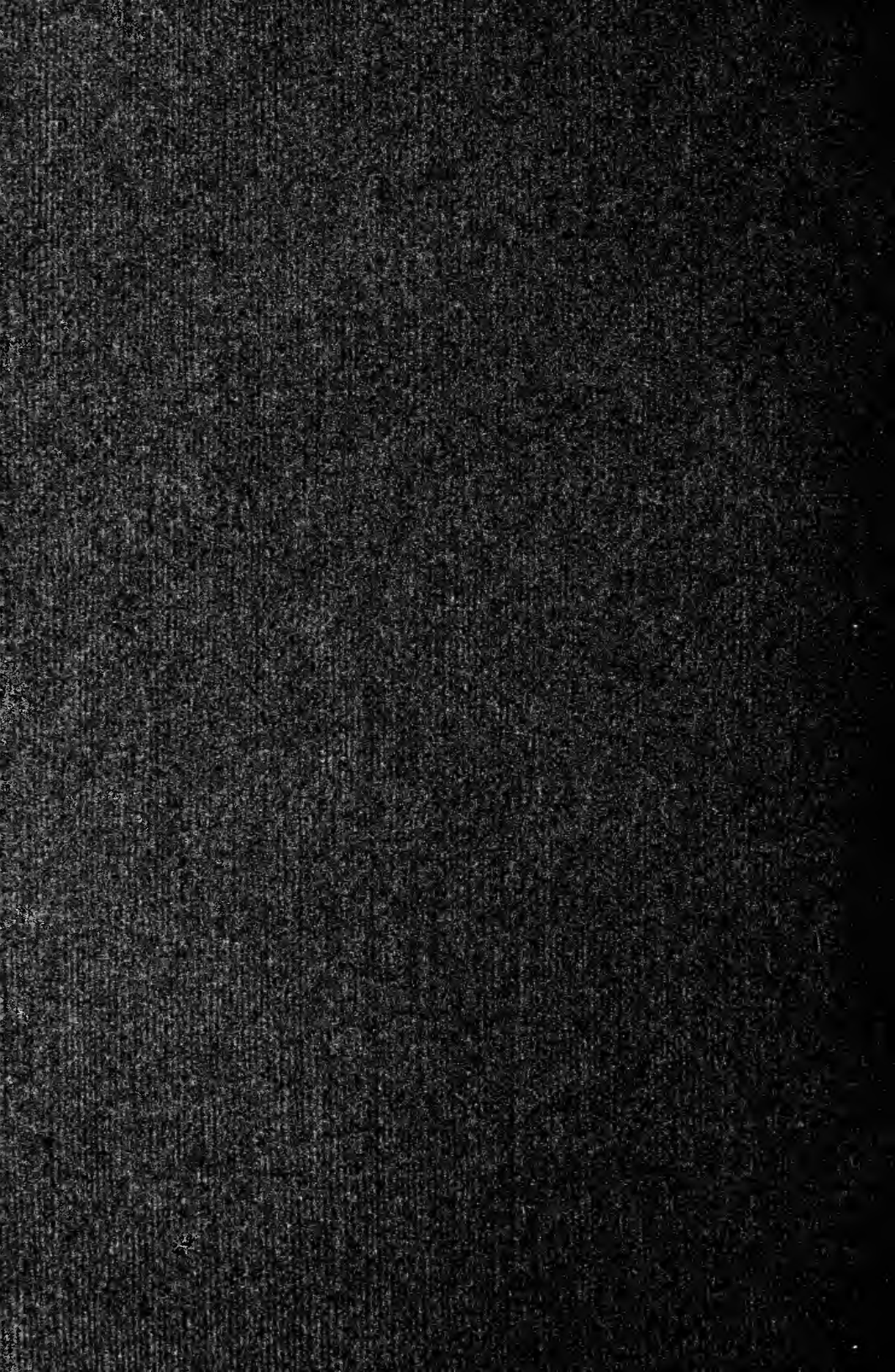
Portrait

of

# The Lincoln Day Celebration

*Commemorating the Centennial  
Anniversary of the*

**Birth of Abraham Lincoln**



Compliments of  
W. L. Washburn.



*A. Lincoln*

Soubenir

of

# The Lincoln Day Celebration

*Commemorating the Centennial  
Anniversary of the*

Birth of Abraham Lincoln



*Music Hall, Cincinnati*

February 12, 1909



## Address to

*The members of the many civic, business, English, German, educational, patriotic, and other associations and societies in Cincinnati, and all those who so generously and helpfully aided in making successful the celebration of commemorating the centennial anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, in Music Hall, Cincinnati, on February 12, 1909, greeting:*

At a meeting of the General Committee of the Lincoln Centennial Memorial Association, held in the Sessions Chamber of the Board of Education, Cincinnati, in the City Hall, on February 19th, a resolution was unanimously adopted, expressing appreciation of the untiring and devoted labors of Prof. W. C. Washburn in promoting and bringing to a successful result the efforts to celebrate in a fitting manner the centennial anniversary of the birth of that great among the greatest patriots and heroes, Abraham Lincoln; and that resolution carried with it instructions to the undersigned committee to prepare a suitable testimonial, expressing in a form that might be made permanent some recognition of the excellence of that work of Professor Washburn.

In considering the best manner in which the trust given to the committee could be performed, it has seemed to the committee that no better or more fit testimonial could be given to Professor Washburn and all those contributing to and taking part in those memorable exercises, than to put in permanent form, to be printed and circulated as a souvenir, the program of those exercises, together with the Introductory remarks of Mr. Washburn; the Invocation by Rev. Hugo G. Eisenlohr; the address by Dr. John M. Withrow; the poem by Prof. Washburn; the oration by Bishop William F. McDowell, of Chicago, and concluding with the Benediction by Dr. Charles Frederic Goss.

In planning such a form of testimonial, it was also the judgment of the committee that a souvenir testimonial of the char-

acter outlined might be made available in raising a substantial fund by its sale at a moderate price, such fund to be used in securing a permanent monument or memorial in Cincinnati to the immortal Lincoln, and along the lines contemplated by the Association which has already been organized for securing a permanent memorial.

As a special mark of appreciation of the work of Prof. Washburn in planning and carrying out the program of exercises, the committee contemplates having printed in embossed form and bound in morocco a single copy of the souvenir, to be presented to him when publication is made.

With this explanation of the purpose and plan of the Souvenir Testimonial, the committee appends herewith a sketch of the Memorial Day Exercises, together with the addresses and different parts taken by those named on the program; and the committee expresses the earnest hope that the plan will meet with the cordial approval and support of every one interested in perpetuating the memory and works of Abraham Lincoln.

AARON A. FERRIS,  
CHARLES D. RICHARDS,  
WILLIAM H. DAVIS,  
LOUIS J. DAUNER,  
MARY C. WENTZEL,

*Committee.*

Cincinnati, May 1, 1909.



## Preface

By way of introduction, it may be said that notwithstanding the day of the celebration was, from a weather point of view, one of the stormiest in the month, with a drenching rain pouring down throughout the afternoon, yet Music Hall, long before the exercises began, was crowded with an intelligent, appreciative, and enthusiastic audience. And with the picture of seven hundred boys and girls from the public schools, decked in white, red, and blue, and banked and terraced on the stage, suggesting a flower garden, the scene was one of the most inspiring ever witnessed in a Cincinnati assembly.

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## Program and Order of Exercises

1. Music—Coronation March.....Chas. Le Thiere  
Orchestra.
2. Introductory Remarks.....W. C. Washburn
3. Invocation.....Rev. Hugo G. Eisenlohr
4. Song—"Star-Spangled Banner."  
Children's Chorus and Orchestra.
5. Address.....Dr. John M. Withrow
6. Ode—"Our Lincoln".....Poem by W. C. Washburn  
Music by Jos. Surdo. Children's Chorus and Orchestra.  
Sung by 750 Public School Children from Eighteenth  
District, Eleventh District, and Sherman Schools,  
under direction of Prof. Jos. Surdo. First  
Public Performance.
7. Oration—An Appreciation of Abraham Lincoln.  
Bishop William Fraser McDowell, of Chicago, Ill.
8. Music—National Airs.....Theo. Moses, Op. 81  
Orchestra.
9. Song—"America."  
Children's Chorus and Orchestra.  
  
Audience is requested to stand and join in singing.
10. Benediction.....Dr. Chas. Frederic Goss

DR. JOHN M. WITHROW,  
Master of Ceremonies.

The first number on the program was the Coronation March, by Le Thiere, rendered by the Cincinnati Orchestra in an artistic and highly satisfactory manner.

Next came the Introductory Remarks, by Professor Washburn, as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, Friends All, and Fellow Citizens:

"On behalf of the Lincoln Centennial Memorial Association, I bid you glad welcome on this most interesting occasion. This great outpouring of men and women, overflowing the confines of this vast hall, betokens the love and veneration that pulsate in the bosoms of our people for that incomparable American, Abraham Lincoln. But these feelings are not restricted to our vicinity alone. All over the world, wherever the torch of history has lighted up the nooks and corners, the matchless life, character, and achievements of Lincoln are recalled to-day and lauded in terms of highest encomium.

"We thank you for this expression of love. And we trust that it presages the practical interest you will take in the further proposition to establish in our fair city some appropriate permanent memorial to our great War President, whereby Cincinnati shall not only do fitting honor to his memory, but also to herself.

"It affords me great pleasure now to place this meeting in the care of Dr. J. M. Withrow as master of ceremonies, whose address you will listen to later on in the program.

"Permit me to request the audience to stand during the Invocation and the rendition of our national anthem, 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'"

After the Introductory remarks by Prof. Washburn, Rev. Hugo G. Eisenlohr offered the Invocation. The prayer was one of singular beauty and pathos. But no shorthand report having been taken of the proceedings, it is a matter of sincere regret on the part of the committee that the words of the prayer can not be reproduced.

Following the Invocation, a chorus of seven hundred and fifty voices of boys and girls from the public schools, accompanied by the orchestra, sang with great spirit and feeling the "Star-Spangled Banner."

The forceful address of Dr. John M. Withrow, who has done such splendid work in behalf of our public schools, was the next part on the program.

Remarks by  
**Dr. John M. Withrow,**  
President Board of Education.

Since these exercises to-day had their source and inspiration in the Schoolmasters' Club, and are largely the result of the labors of schools and school people, it is but fitting that educational lessons should be learned from this occasion and inspired by its subject. One hundred years ago to-day a child was born not far from here who has established a new measure of human accomplishment. To-day the people of all classes within easy range of that hallowed place are making a pilgrimage of respect and adoration. The place over which the star hangs to-day was a wilderness in 1809. Our hero has been called the great liberator, the great emancipator, the plebeian of the people. He is all of this, but to-day to us he is the great educator. What, with this view, is the lesson of the hour? Abraham Lincoln's life first teaches the value, the importance, the wisdom of the education gained from things and people—"the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin." Lincoln had less than a year of teaching in school, but he never left the great continuation school of people and things. "Sermons in stones, tongues in trees, books in running brooks, and good in everything." This was the school, the primary, the grammar, the high school of the child, the boy, the youth Lincoln. And after that, did Lincoln go to college? No, not to those made with hands, but to the real college, with the greatest text-books, never old, ever new. What is it? "The greatest study of mankind is man." When Lycurgus dismissed the school in Athens, many of the

pupils still lingered about the portico. Abraham Lincoln never went to school? No. Abraham Lincoln never left school.

Countless stories tell the tale of his almost childish simplicity in asking questions of anybody, of everybody where he was likely to learn anything new. He questioned the laborer in the street or field, the soldier in camp and in hospital, the widow, the orphan, the peer and the peasant, the slave and the master.

He sat at the feet of the Gamaliels of the country stores and learned the wisdom of the unlearned at the plow and the forge. He listened to the theories of would-be diplomats, and sat unmoved by the vituperations of fanatics.

The scholarly Seward and dignified Chase were humiliated to see the President of the United States stop on the street and talk to the common people or give patient ear to a crippled soldier.

It was the humble wisdom of greatness that gave him knowledge of the minds of the people whom he guided and saved, and who thus guided and saved him.

He kept his ear to the ground, and thus felt and heard the throbbing tread of the masses. He learned to know where they needed repression and where stimulation.

Not the violent rhetoric of the abolitionist in the North, and not the burning words of the slave-holder in the South abated for one moment his ardor for the preservation of the Union as the first and foremost purpose of his life.

Let every schoolboy remember his words, and make them forever the watch-word of his patriotism: "A nation divided against itself can not stand." Not slavery and not abolition, but the preservation of the Union, was his highest duty as he saw it then, and as we see it now.

So great a man could but hate slavery, as he did. Not that he hated slavery less, but that he loved the Union more.

In his great wisdom gained in the peoples' college he saw that if the Union were preserved that slavery, the greatest blot on our record, would sooner or later be erased.

Had he swerved one jot or tittle from this almost supernatural vision early in his Presidency, the Union would have been destroyed and slavery would still persist. Cincinnati would be on the Southern Boundary of the Dis-United States, Eden

Park fortified with frowning batteries pointing to the Southland. The Ohio River would be studded with custom houses and patrolled by armed soldiery, and almost within our ears the sound of the auctioneer's voice knocking down human flesh and blood to the highest bidder.

Another sentence from his immortal pen must claim our attention: "No government can permanently endure half slave and half free." Let it be a lesson of this hour to expand this great truth. Boys and girls, men and women, what our hero says of the nation is just as true of the individual. No man can permanently endure in the full stature of manhood half slave and half free. Our great Lincoln found this out, though he did not say it. He did better, he lived it.

In his life he demonstrated its marvelous truth. He kept himself free ever, slave never. Money had no selfish chains upon him. He had to borrow money to go to Washington to be inaugurated President of the United States, and when the curtain was rung down on the tragedy of his death, a nation was in tears, and the world in grief, he had not where to lay his head.

Selfishness never marred his freedom. He had no false pride. He made Stanton, his most bitter and sarcastic critic, his Secretary of War.

He did not hate his enemies, for he made his greatest political competitor, Seward, his Secretary of State.

He did good to those who spitefully used him. He made the envious Chase Secretary of the Treasury, and when his envy grew into such a burning passion as to make him unhappy and uncongenial, if not disloyal to his chief, our hero made him Chief Justice of the United States.

He was free from passion and appetite, and not a slave to any dissipation.

He made a plea for temperance away back in 1840. Children, parents, no man can exist half slave and half free.

Slavery to appetite, to passion, to self-seeking, keeps you from the full freedom which makes the full man of the Lincoln school.

His great selflessness freed him from the slavery of conceit. "His candor deceived the deceitful."

What manner of man was this?

A child of the wilderness, the idol of the West, confusing the wise men in the temples of the East, resisting as a rock the assaults of the chivalry of the South, he is perplexing to every method of human analysis.

Pardon me if I attempt to read the riddle of the Sphinx. Was it not the "grand old wisdom of sincerity?"

And now, in conclusion of this foreword, what is the essence of the whole matter?

Let us redevote and reconsecrate ourselves to more and better education of the Lincoln type; the education of things in manual training, continuation schools and vocational schools; the education of people in citizenship and in civics, so that it may come to pass that "not only politics and æsthetics, but civics and technics shall ultimate in ethics."

And I can not here refrain from the hope, in paraphrase of the great and beautiful Gettysburg classic, that academic and manual, vocational and ethical education of the people, for the people, and by the people shall be ever more exalted in our midst.

After the address of Dr. Withrow came the poem composed by Prof. Washburn, entitled "Our Lincoln," set to music by Prof. Joseph Surdo.

It is impossible for the committee charged with the work of preparing the souvenir adequately to convey to the reader the beauty and excellence of this part on the program. Prof. Surdo, when he first saw the words of the poem, discovered its merit for musical display and proceeded to the task of composing a symphony for its production. The "Ode" is the story, in five parts, of Lincoln's life, and as put in music form by Prof. Surdo, calls for three voices and full orchestral accompaniment. In speaking of the poem, Prof. Surdo used these words: "Upon first reading, 'Our Lincoln' impressed me with its inherent beauty and musical possibilities. I saw in it grandeur, pathos, tenderness, exaltation, and noble patriotism. It is one of the most unique and appealing in our Lincoln literature."

Nor can we speak in too high terms of praise of the musical composition of Prof. Surdo. We believe it is not too much to say, either of the poem or of the music, that both are entitled to become a part of our permanent patriotic literature.



## Our Lincoln

- PART I. All honor to our glorious dead,  
Whose matchless life rare radiance shed  
Upon his country's fame;  
Sweet be the memory that clings,  
And pure the tribute each heart brings  
To the exalted name  
Of Lincoln, our Lincoln.
- PART II. Who else in squalid cabin born,  
With youth of chance and comfort shorn,  
Could reach such noble height?  
Who else assailed by blighting scorn,  
When patience others had forsworn,  
Could keep soul calm and bright  
As Lincoln, our Lincoln?
- PART III. And when in one fell, fateful hour,  
Rebellion rose in horrid power,  
The Union to assail,  
Who led the Nation in its might  
To stay secession's deadly blight,  
And over it prevail,  
But Lincoln, our Lincoln?
- PART IV. O, why, when victory was won,  
When swords were sheathed and war's fierce gun  
Was hushed throughout the land—  
His great heart full of well-earned joy—  
Should rash and cruel plot destroy  
With hatred-guided hand,  
This Lincoln, our Lincoln!
- FINALE. Now lovingly we speak his name;  
No more does foe deride or blame;  
For him is love alone.  
Emancipator, patriot true,  
And statesman, ruler, martyr, too—  
The world claims for its own  
Our Lincoln, our Lincoln.

—W. C. WASHBURN.

Bishop William F. McDowell, of Chicago, Ill., one of the most eloquent and forceful speakers in the Methodist Church, held the wrapt attention of the audience for nearly three-quarters of an hour, in an oration entitled "An Appreciation of Abraham Lincoln," which is here preserved:

Address on Abraham Lincoln  
by  
**William Frazer McDowell,**  
Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church,  
Chicago, Ill.

Abraham Lincoln was an American product. The world itself has seen nothing finer. America has not done it twice. When one speaks of Lincoln, he speaks of something that has happened only once. He is one of the surprises of history. No land but America has produced his like. When he was born a hundred years ago, we had about seven million people. When he died, forty-four years ago, we had thirty-five million people. To-day we number ninety millions. Those who knew Lincoln are few in number now, but he is enshrined in the nation's heart as no one else is. He died at the end of a civil war whose passions were bitter, whose bitterness is not wholly gone, but we can honor this leader of that war without awakening bitterness anywhere. His name is the symbol of peace, his character an inspiration to union, his life a perpetual call to charity and fraternity.

That life began in Kentucky, continued in Indiana and Illinois, and flowered out in splendor at last upon the nation and the nations. His parents were so poor that life was all they could give their son; so poor that they could give the world nothing except their son. We praise him to-day, but can not forget his mother, Nancy Hanks.

O soul obscure,  
Whose wings life bound,  
And soft death folded  
Under the ground;

Wilding lady,  
Still and true,  
Who gave us Lincoln  
And never knew;  
To you at last  
Our praise and tears,  
Love and a song  
Through the nation's years!  
Mother of Lincoln,  
Our tears, our praise;  
A battle-flag  
And the victor's bays!

Abraham Lincoln was not a youthful prodigy. He was neither precocious nor angelic. He had neither luck nor circumstances in his favor. He had as poor a chance as ever greeted a boy under our flag. "It was not a fair chance." He made it turn out right. He did not complain of luck, or seek excuses for failure. He put his foot on adversity and rose to opportunity. There were not many books in all that region. He read them all. There was not much going on. He got into contact with every sign of life about him, whether it was circuit court or country store. He had five school teachers, and went to school less than a year. But all his life he had the long arms of his mind out in every direction for information, and "he never finished his education." He did not know what many others knew, but he knew what he knew and was not uneducated. He mastered a limited list of books. The Son of the Nazareth carpenter, like the son of the Kentucky carpenter, had one small collection of books, and from them he got a training in literature, in history, in insight, in patriotism, and in religion. The son of the Kentucky carpenter had a small list—Æsop's Fables, Robinson Crusoe, the Revised Statutes of Indiana, Pilgrim's Progress, Parson Weem's Life of Washington, the Bible, Shakespeare, and a History of the United States. And these he read by day and night, with a slow mind but a sure one. A mind he declared to be like steel, hard to scratch but retaining every scratch made upon it. And from these books he got a training in literature, in history, in philosophy, in patriotism, and in religion. And such a man is educated.

He was not divinely gifted nor inspired. He was just an American boy, born in poverty, in a locality where life was hard

and meager, and without genius he rose to the heights by hard work. Poverty did not do it. Anyhow, poverty has never done it again. Ancestry did not do it. Hardships and log cabins did not do it. It is only afterward that we glorify hardships and log cabins. He did not learn the language of the Gettysburg speech at the country stores of Indiana or Illinois.

"The little farm that raised a man" "was not enchanted ground." Circumstances neither created him nor hindered him from working out his life. He did what any American boy can do, ought to do—made the most of life's chance.

He came into the world with a great company. Lowell once declared that the sixteenth century was spendthrift of genius, that any family might expect an attack of greatness as it looked for measles and whooping-cough. "Hamlet," Newton's "Principia," Bacon's "Novum Organum" were all in danger of teething at once. The single year 1809 was prodigal to the point of recklessness in producing great men. That year saw the birth of Oliver Wendell Holmes, William E. Gladstone, Charles Darwin, Mendelssohn, and Abraham Lincoln.

It must have seemed a strange planet that had on it at the same time Napoleon Bonaparte and Abraham Lincoln.

Compared with the great men of his time or the great men of all time, Lincoln does not suffer or grow small. Washington was rich, Lincoln was poor. Both nobly served the Republic and freedom, showing at two supreme crises how the country can be greatly served by rich and poor alike. Washington piloted the young Republic through its first days, Lincoln through the days of its fiercest testing. One pushed the door of liberty ajar, the other opened it wide and "saved the last best hope of earth." One led the colonies when the Declaration of Independence was made, the other fulfilled that early declaration by these immortal words, "In giving freedom to the slave we assure freedom to the free." One set a nation out on its wide way among nations. The other taught us that a nation worth creating is worth saving and worth saving all the time. Of each it can be said, "His palms never itched for a bribe, his tongue never blistered with a lie." Each came when he was needed, and each met the need fully. Need alone does not produce such men. Barrenness, want, selfishness, or ambition can not bring to a nation men like these. Washington arose, not because our fathers needed a

soldier who could win battles, but because the colonies needed a man of truth and tranquillity, "a standard to which the wise and just should repair." Lincoln arose, not because our later fathers needed a debater, but because they needed a truth teller; not because they needed a conqueror, but because they needed one to whom peace was a sacrament and mercy a divine force; not because they needed a man who could win an election or finance a war, but because they did sorely need in a day of strife one who could show "charity for all and malice to none."

Thus William of Orange arose in the Dutch Republic; Washington and Lincoln in the American Republic, each of them "tranquil in the midst of raging billows."

Measured by any of the real tests of our Abraham, friend of God like the old Abraham, appears to be one of the mightiest figures seen in a thousand years. He was a real leader of men—not a tyrant driving them, nor a weakling following them, nor a visionary getting out of touch with them. He perfectly knew the average mind and the strong mind. He knew how valuable were men like Seward and Stanton and Chase and many others who did not agree with him. Many strong men abused him, many tried to override him. He was silent under abuse and always master of his own soul and his own policies. Men said his clothes did not fit him, that his legs were too long, that he did not know what to do with his hands, but they learned at last that his mind fitted him perfectly, that he used his legs for marching forward, and used his hands for his supreme tasks.

We are obliged to go back to the Bible for the words to describe him: "He was a shepherd who led his flock according to the integrity of his heart, and guided them by the skillfulness of his hands." He kept in close touch with the common people and kept ahead of them. He has been called by one biographer the master of men. But never was any man less of a tyrant. His mastery was due to that gentleness which made him great. He could neither be a tyrant nor a tool, a slave-driver or a slave. He led, not because he wanted to be served, but because he wanted to serve. His secrets were few because his purposes were great. Without arrogance, without vanity, with eternal charity and without malice, as God gave him to see the right he held on his steady way. Men were impatient,

his Cabinet was vexed, he was assailed by the radicals and by the compromisers; he endured the storms of ridicule, of slander, of scorn; insult and accusation were heaped upon him like a mountain; news from the front broke his heart; scramble for spoils cursed his days; he lived through passion and prejudice, relieving his melancholy soul with quaint stories that brought more criticism, and at last "he heard the hisses turn to cheers," and stood alone in a glory no man could endure.

He had a genius for stating eternal matters in such a way that men fell as under a call to battle. Away yonder on the plains of Palestine the saddest Man of history declared that "a house divided against itself shall not stand." Long afterward, on the plains of Illinois, this Lincoln reached back to that Other's word, and said: "A house divided against itself can not stand. I believe this Government can not permanently endure half slave and half free." Friends urged him not to say it. It was too clear, too plain and unmistakable. It was not good politics to say it. But Lincoln replied, "It is true and I will deliver it as written." There never was any answer to it. It became a standard to which men rallied. And truth appeared the best politics. Mr. Ingersoll calls this "a victorious truth whose utterance made Lincoln the foremost man in the Republic." That sentence states the clear principle. On that he will not compromise, but on all the minor matters he will be yielding and conciliatory—and always go ahead.

He summarized the meaning of the Dred Scott decision in the fierce words, "If one man enslaves another, no third man has the right to object."

"The central idea of secession is the essence of anarchy," was another rifle shot in his first inaugural.

At no time did he satisfy the extremists on either side. Many times he was thought to be drifting and without a policy. He was not omniscient. Only a few men are. But it is an unspeakable mercy that this man was willing to learn from current events, to use his discretion according to circumstances actually existing; that the only consistency he had was the consistency of principle, and he would find his goal by any path he could. And his own eye was so single that at last the whole body was full of light.

In two crucial respects he stands nearly alone—in his power

to keep still and his power to speak. We are a speaking people. Good talkers are always at a premium with us. Nowhere else is the right word more effective than in a Republic. And Lincoln had the national gift, as we shall see. But in certain supreme crises the final test is not only what a man says, but what he refrains from saying.

A civil war does not develop careful and dainty speech. Men—and women—on both sides incline to invective and vitriol. Our abolitionists knew a lot of hard words. The South did not measure its terms by the rule of gentleness. When there was nothing else men could do, they pitched into Lincoln. Men here, who were boys then, heard him called by all the names that were bad. I have always been wanting to atone to him for the names I heard him called in my youth.

Not only so, but the North and the South were abusing each other. Rebel and traitor were about the gentlest terms we used. And it was a talking time. But in all that flood of acrimonious speech, not one word of malice escaped his lips. He was reviled and slandered, but “as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth.” Other men stung and goaded him, and he replied only in some quaint story that acted like oil where others used acids. And in all the forty-four years since “the lilacs bloomed” as he died we have not had to take back one word of bitterness toward the South, or pull out one sentence from festering sore. He won a victory over the South and is to-day our strongest appeal to the South. “His entire administration was one protracted magnanimity.” “He was as great in his forbearance as in his performance.” He said, “I have not willingly planted a thorn in any human breast.”

But what shall be said of his power to speak? His silence and his speech alike were golden. Men were scared when he began the debates with Douglas, for Douglas was indeed a little giant. When the debates were over, the air was cleared for a thousand years. Douglas won the senatorship, but Lincoln won the shining victory for truth. An old man said, “You always felt that Abe was right.” “I am not bound to win,” he said, “but I am bound to be true.” So “he did not say the thing which was best for that day’s debate, but the thing that would stand the test of time and square itself with eternal justice.” —(Blaine.)

Gladstone, born the same year as Lincoln, was the speaking marvel of England during many years. British oratory has hardly ever been richer or nobler than his. He was educated at Oxford. All that culture could do had been done for him, but his supporters declare that he has left not a single masterpiece of English, and hardly one great phrase that clings to the memory of men. Gladstone's words are hard to remember, Lincoln's impossible to forget. Lincoln has given a new meaning to oratory and a new dignity to public speech. His utterances have the quality of finality. George William Curtis declares that there are three supreme speeches in our history: "The speech of Patrick Henry, at Williamsburg; of Wendell Phillips, in Faneuil Hall; of Abraham Lincoln, at Gettysburg—three, and there is no fourth." I think there was a fourth—Lincoln's second inaugural. He gave a new and embarrassing definition to the word "principal address." At Gettysburg, Edward Everett spoke magnificently through many thousand noble words, a masterly oration. Mr. Lincoln spoke three minutes—two hundred and fifty words—and this is the principal address of that day or many days. The second inaugural is only seven hundred and fifty words in length, but while liberty lasts, while charity survives among men, while patriotism lives under any flag, these few words will be on men's lips like prophecy, psalm, or gospel. How did this man, born in poverty, reared in poverty, untrained in any schools, come to do this miracle? It is not a trick of expression; it is the miracle of supreme truth, supremely stated. "Back of the orator is the man." Behind the matchless writer is the matchless personality.

He had the faith that saves without the bigotry that blights. He had insight like a prophet's, a sense of the Almighty Person like a mystic's; very little theology, but "the life of the Spirit," an unwavering belief in the Providence that was often silent and perplexing, moral courage born of moral conviction, a sense that right is right since God is God, a devotion that planted a cross in his heart, a trust that kept his hands clean and his heart pure. When he called the Cabinet to hear the Emancipation Proclamation, they found him reading a chapter from Artemus Ward. He said: "I made the promise to myself and to my Maker that I would do this. I do not ask your advice as to that"—and read the immortal document which freed the



slave. His sense of destiny was not fatalism, but faith. He thought of himself and the nation as in the guiding care of God. He thought more of his duties than of his rights, more of his burdens than of his honors. He incarnated the simplest and greatest virtues. He was above all a man of truth. "I am nothing, truth is everything." His life did not belie the language of his lips. "Whatever appears to be God's will, I will do it." And he put the loftiest at the service of the lowliest.

I know what I am saying and must not be betrayed into extravagance, but I can not refrain from saying that of Abraham Lincoln more than of any other merely human man of history are certain inspired words true, to him more than any other save One, are they to be applied: "He was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." "We hid, as it were, our faces from him." "He trod the wine-press alone." "The chastisement of our peace was upon him." "He saved others, himself he could not save." "The common people heard him gladly." "The government shall be upon his shoulders." "His name shall be called Wonderful"—and after war—"the Prince of Peace."

He was murdered on Good Friday, and as when William of Orange was slain, "the little children wept in the streets."

It is not for us to mourn that we have lost Lincoln, for he is our finest inspiration and "gentlest memory" for ever. It is rather for us to be glad that we have had and still have him. The mention of his name makes poverty look less odious and depressing. The story of his life is enough to make any youth under the flag put his feet upon difficulties and hardships in a royal purpose to rise above them all. The picture of his character should call us again to the love and practice of those simple, majestic virtues of which Lincoln was the living definition. A thousand things we can live without, but we can not live without truth and honesty, courage and kindness, self-denial and patriotism, faith and charity, liberty and law. In the face of an old conservatism and a dangerous radicalism we need again the truth and independence of this tall rail-splitter, leader of the sons of men. In the face of greed and graft we need to learn again that a good name like Lincoln's is infinitely better than any riches, however great.

Once in the darkest days of the war, after many defeats for our armies, one of our poets addressed Lincoln in a poem called,

"Abraham Lincoln, Give Us a Man." This still is the world's call to America and America's call to manhood and youth. "The youth of a nation are the trustees of posterity." "It is a glorious thing to see a nation saved by its youth." It is our high chance to show whence we have sprung, ours to add to Lincoln's glory by carrying his work forward to perfection. Ours to make a new Republic in which all men shall have life's fair chance; a Republic in which no one shall be a tyrant and no one a slave, white or black; a Republic in which poverty shall be full of hope and wealth full of modesty and considerateness; a Republic in which the color of the skin shall not make men forget the color of the blood; a Republic which shall not be a white man's land or a black man's land, but all men's home; a Republic in which there is always a new birth of freedom; a Republic true to the son of Kentucky grown large, true to the undivided house, true to both inaugurals, true to the Emancipation Proclamation, true to the Gettysburg address; a Republic true to Abraham Lincoln, finest product of a new nation, foremost citizen of the world, friend of God, liberator of humanity, tallest white angel of a thousand years.

## Benediction

Following the oration, the orchestra rendered national airs, and the musical part of the program concluded with the song "America," sung by the children's chorus, with orchestral accompaniment, the great audience rising and joining in singing the national anthem.

Benediction was said by Rev. Dr. Charles F. Goss, the words of which are preserved as follows:

"And now may that God who guided our Pilgrim fathers across the sea: enabled them in one war to throw off a tyrant's yoke; in another to emancipate a race of slaves, as well as to bind up the broken bond of the Union, and in still another to give free government to millions of oppressed people, be with us to guide and bless us evermore. Amen."

And thus closed one of the most memorable and successful programs of public exercises in the history of Cincinnati.

## Addenda

It is with the profoundest satisfaction that your Committee is enabled to announce, that since the foregoing Souvenir was prepared, through the munificent gift of \$100,000 by Mrs. Frederick H. Alms, in devoted memory of her husband, now deceased, himself a patriot soldier in the war for the Union, and an ardent admirer of the immortal Lincoln, an ample fund has been provided and plans outlined for a permanent memorial to be erected in Cincinnati. And thus has been realized, very much sooner than anticipated, the prophetic vision of Prof. Washburn, when he said, in his introductory remarks produced above: "We thank you for this expression of love. And we trust that it presages the practical interest you will take in the further proposition to establish in our fair city some appropriate permanent memorial to our great War President, whereby Cincinnati shall not only do fitting honor to his memory, but also to herself."

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